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Thé wine of Kincorra,*
 The bior of the Dane,†
 Shall lighten thy sorrow
 Or brighten thy strain;
 In the hall of our feasting,
 Though many shall dine,
 We'll deem thee not least in
 The banquet divine.

O'er harper and poet
 We'll place thy high seat;
 O'Leary, we owe it,
 To piper so sweet:
 And fairies are braiding,
 (Such favourite art thou,)
 Fresh laurel, unfading,
 To circle thy brow.

Thy welcome, O'Leary,
 Be joyous and high;
 As this dwelling of fairy
 Can echo reply;
 The clarsach and crotal,
 And loud bara-boo,
 Shall sound not a note till
 We've music from you.

Then a seat that glittered like a throne was prepared for the delighted O'Leary; and a band of beautiful damsels, with laughing blue eyes, placed a garland of shining laurel round his head. The other performers were completely mute during the rest of the night. Fair ladies poured out the red wine, and pressed their favourite musician to quaff the inspiring beverage. Every new tune elicited fresh applause; and, when the dancing ended, the lords and ladies all declared that their hearts bounded lighter, and their feet beat truer time to O'Leary's music than ever before. At length, oppressed with wine, and intoxicated with the incense of applause, the piper sunk into profound repose. When he awoke in the morning, he found himself reclining at the same bush to which he had retired to let the horsemen pass; the pipes were yoked, and his left hand still grasped the chanter. He at first conceived that the scenes of the preceding night, which began to assume a definite shape in his memory, were but the dream of an imagination heated by music, whiskey punch, and his conversation with Nancy Walsh, until he found the unfading wreath yet circling his brow. This wreath of laurel he has preserved, and still exhibits as his fairy meed of musical excellence.

Such was the adventure of Daniel O'Leary. Many opinions are afloat concerning the truth of his narration; but let sceptics examine, as I have done, this curious wreath of laurel, and consider its complicated braiding, and the piper's unimpeachable veracity in all other respects before they presume to try this singular narrative by the test of their philosophy. E. W.

ANCIENT IRISH POETRY.

SIR—Among the notes of that valuable work, "Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy," are scattered some sweet poetical fragments, many of which are untranslated. I am sure the following versions of two of these little songs (claiming fidelity as their only merit) will not be unacceptable to your readers:

I.

On a bright summer's morn by the side of the King's river, I beheld a stately brown-haired maid: sweeter was her voice than the music of the fairy host; fairer was her cheek than the foam of waves. Her slender waist like the chalky cliff—her small, light, active foot, gliding with

joy over the grassy meads of the desert. I said to her mildly,

"Oh, fair one of the valley! unless you come with me, my health will depart."

At the birth of this lovely maid, there came a harmonious bee, with a shower of sweet honey on her berry lips. I kissed the fragrant, fair, loving maid; it was pleasant I vow—but listen to my tale. A sting went from her burning lips like a dart through my heart, which left me without power, (mournful to relate!) Is it not wonderful that I live with an arrow through my heart, and hundreds before me killed by her love.

II.

On yesterday morn, early before the sun, I beheld a maid of resplendent form: the snow and the berry were blended in her beauty, and her small slender body was like the swan on the brook; and, oh, vein of my heart! why art thou sad?

Sweeter was the gentle voice of her joyful mouth, than Orpheus who left the boars feeble; her large clear eye was like the crystal of the dew-drops, on the verdant grass of summer before the morning sun; and, oh, vein of my heart! why art thou sad?

This last little poem is remarkable in the original for the delightful harmony of its numbers; and, with the exception of the allusion to Orpheus, its imagery is indigenous. The other bard, however, has displayed more taste in drawing on the fanciful but pleasing mythology of his own country for an illustration of the tuneful voice of his mistress. The earlier bards seldom or never introduce the deities of Greece and Rome in their poems, and the total absence of any such allusions in the Fenian tales, affords in my opinion very strong proofs of their comparative antiquity. A beautiful fragment of one of these curious poems is preserved among the pieces alluded to above, and although it is accompanied by an excellent metrical paraphrase, from the pen of Dr. Drummond, yet I am inclined to think your readers will not be displeased to see it in the more simple garb of a literal translation. It commences by an address from Ossian to Bin B'olbin, a mountain in Connaught.

Thou art sad to-day, oh, Bin Bolbin! gentle height of the beauteous aspect! It was pleasant, oh, son of Calpuin! in other days to be upon its summit; many were the dogs and the youths; oft arose the sounds of the chase. There a tower arose; there dwelt a mighty hero. Oh, lofty hill of contests! many were the herons in the season of night, and the birds of the heath on the mountains, mingling their sounds with the music of the little bird. 'Twas sweet to listen to the cry of the hounds in the valleys, and the wonderful son of the rock.* Each of our heroes would be present, with his beautiful dog in the slip. Many were the lovely maids of our race that collected in the wood. There grew the berries of fragrant blossom; the strawberries and the blackberries; there grew the soft-blushing flower of the mountain, and the tender cresses. There wandered the slender, fair-haired daughters of our race; sweet was the sound of their song. It was a source of delight to behold the eagle, and listen to her lonely scream—to hear the growl of the otters and the snarling of the foxes; and the blackbird singing sweet on the top of the thorn. I assure thee, oh, Patrick, that it was a pleasant place. We dwelt on the top of this hill, the seven bands of the Femans. But few are my friends to night; is not my tale mournful!

I now take my leave, hoping shortly to send you a similar communication. IOTA.

* *Mac-alla*, i. e. the Son of the Rock, is the Irish poetical term for echo. Whoever was the author of this little fragment, he was, (as has been remarked of Milton), exquisitely alive to the outward creation, to sounds, motions, and forms. Such beautiful descriptions of nature frequently occur in the Irish poems ascribed to Ossian, some of which have been translated by the author of the above article, and will shortly appear before the public in the first series of a work entitled "The Beauties of the Early Bards of Ireland."

DUBLIN:

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* Kincorra, the residence of Brian Boro, on the bank of the Shannon, was famous for its wine cellars.

† Tradition affirms that the Danes made a delicious intoxicating liquor of the mountain heath, called "Bior." The peasant of the present day, when he would assure you of a hearty welcome, says, "were ours the Bior of the Dane, or the wine of Kincorra, it would be poured for you."